But here without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health and faire desires consort your grace.

Kin. Thy owne wish wish I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to mine owne heart.

La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La.Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La.Ro. My Physicke sayes I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye?

La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife:

Boy. Now God saue thy life.

La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thanksgiuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometime if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light I desire her name.

Boy. She hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blessing on your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,
She is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a most sweet Lady. *Exit Long.*

Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter